

SPECTER OF GREAT LAKES

Many a Sailor Imagines He Sees the Bannockburn Which Disappeared in Mysterious Fashion.

One superstition that is firmly rooted in the minds of all Great Lakes navigators concerns the mysterious wreck of the Bannockburn.

"She was a big, powerful freighter, carrying a crew of 22 men. She cleared Duluth on a day in the late fall. What happened to her will never be known. She went out in the morning, and was last sighted the next evening. That was the end. For more than a year the chill water of Lake Superior guarded well their secret. Then one day an ear was found floating along the driftwood of the bleak north shore. A piece of tarpaulin was wrapped securely around it, and when this was removed it was found that the word Bannockburn was scraped into the wood. The ear is all that remains today to tell the story of the missing freighter.

"According to the queer twist given the story by the sailors of the inland seas, the Bannockburn is supposed to be the Flying Dutchman of the Great Lakes. Sometimes at night, when the chill north wind sweeps across the swollen bosom of Lake Superior and the stinging 'ice devils' fill the air, the lookout on some lonely point calls loudly to his companions and points to where he imagines the Bannockburn, all white with ice and ghastly in the darkness, is slipping through the black mystery of the lake."

'NO GOOD OF THE OPENWORK'

That Was Why Queenie, Dark-Skinned, Put on Pair of Pink Stockings Under the Black Ones.

Queenie, seventeen, comely, a pleasant dark-brown in complexion, appeared in openwork stockings at the apartment of her employer and prepared to scrub the floor.

The labor entailed a considerable showing of stockings. The mistress of the house, glancing at this display, observed the openwork and was mystified by an extraordinary color effect.

Queenie is a very pretty negress, but she is obviously of pure African strain. Yet through the interstices of the openwork there undoubtedly were to be had glimpses of a delicate pale flesh color.

Could it be a strange example of racial admixture? Was Queenie afflicted with flesh-colored supporters for her brown body?

"What in the world, child," demanded her mistress, "you aren't pink underneath, are you?"

"Got a pair of pink stockings on underneath the black ones," grinned Queenie. "When I fust put 'em on by myself I didn't got no good of the openwork."

Why He Joined Air Service.

Few men, I am sure, would confess to so strange an immediate cause for joining the aviation service as that related to me by Drew, as we sat over our coffee and cigarettes, on the evening of our first meeting, writes James N. Hall in the Atlantic. He had come to France, he said, with the intention of joining the Legion Etrangere as an infantryman. But he changed his mind, a few days after his arrival in Paris, upon meeting Jackson of the American Aviation Squadron, who was on leave after a service of six months at the front. It was all because of the manner in which Jackson looked at a Turkish rug. He told him of his adventures in the most matter-of-fact way. No heroics, nothing of that sort. He had not a glimmer of imagination, he said. But he had a way of looking at the floor which was 'irresistible,' which fascinated him with the sense of height. He saw towns, villages, a network of trenches, columns of toy troops moving up ribbons of road—all in the patterns of a Turkish rug. And the next day, he was at the headquarters of the Franco-American corps, in the Champs Elysees, making application for membership.

Unfortunate Force of Habit.

Two girlhood friends were exchanging confidences over their afternoon tea.

"I saw you in church, dear, yesterday," murmured the younger one. "Oh, you were there? I didn't see you," gurgled the other.

"Yes. And I was glad to see that you finally induced your husband to accompany you to divine worship."

"Yes, Frank came along with me. He'd much rather go to the theater, but the theaters are not showing anything on Sundays now. But he disgraced me."

"Really? In church? How pray?" "The minister read four chapters from 'The Acts of the Apostles,' and my husband insisted on going out after every act."—Harper's Magazine.

Food Economy.

The advice of Herbert C. Hoover regarding food economy is superfluous to certain denizens of the Bronx in New York. It was on an express subway train to that borough that one underground commuter read with seeming irreverence the rules for saving the odd ends in the kitchen.

"Keep the ice box clean," he read to a companion. "Why, say, my ice box is cleaned out every night before I even get a whack at it, and I have to send out to the delicatessen for my dinner. And look at these rules for economy. Take it from me, there's only one way to economize these days. Send the wife and the young 'uns on a visit to the kinkfoks, put the dog on half rations and go home for dinner with anybody who asks you."

HER PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

Lesson Seen for the Weary World in the Invariable Ending of Little Three-Year-Old's Stories.

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly described, some months ago, a little person of some three years who was insatiably fond of stories. When there was no one to tell them to her she made them up herself. The writer was impressed with the invariable ending of these stories, which was always, "And him went home to him's muvver." "Bears, lions, tigers, even elephants and crocodiles pass through the most agitating and unusual adventure, but in the end they all go home to their mother." And the writer adds that this is an astonishing bit of wisdom to be evolved by a person of three.

There have been many pretentious philosophies of life offered us these last few years, and it may take some of us no little time to come down to one so modest. But the signs are thickening fast that the whole world, disappointed with its grand policies and enfeebled with its philosophies, is beginning to long for something like this. It may be a blow to one's pride, but the greatest philosophy of life has long since been stated. "When he came to himself he said, I will arise and go to my father."—The Sunday School Times.

BOSTON TRADITION IS HIT

Bespectacled Schoolboy for Which Hub Has Been Known Throughout Country, Is Almost Extinct.

Another Boston tradition was shattered when Dr. William H. Devine, director of medical inspection in the Boston schools, reported to the school board that 85 per cent of the pupils now in school have normal vision.

The bespectacled Boston schoolboy, one of the sacred traditions of the Hub, respected everywhere else, is no longer honored at home. He has become almost extinct, like the messenger boy who quotes Browning.

Even the fad for tortoise shell rim glasses of the style that grandfathers used to wear and which were supposed to give Bostonians who wore them that owl-like look of wisdom, could produce only 6,038 bespectacled children out of a total of 89,179 examined. It looks on the face of the report as if staid old Puritan Boston was cutting loose from all her honored traditions and going in for athletic, red-blooded, healthy boys and girls.

Doctor Devine reported that out of a total of 89,179 pupils examined, 75,162 had normal vision. He also reported that out of a total of 89,108 pupils whose hearing was tested 87,331 had normal hearing in both ears. Only 376 pupils suffered from both defective vision and hearing.

Killing Seals in Fraser River.

The European war has furnished an idea to the provincial authorities, who have for years been seeking to exterminate the hair seals, which kill enormous quantities of salmon at the mouth of the Fraser, says a Vancouver dispatch to the Buffalo News. Note was taken of the favorite basking places of the seals on the Fraser sandheads. One of these was mined with high explosives and charges of metal were placed in cans below the surface of the sand, which the next high tide smoothed over. At low tide the seals returned to their place in the sun and were not disturbed.

The next day nearly 200 seals gathered on the sands and the explosion was touched off by a battery from which wires led to the seal ground. The explosion killed every seal.

Other blasts will be set off, for this is the big sockeye salmon year, and protection of the run is vital.

Another Regiment.

A certain lodger, whose butter disappeared in the most mysterious and appalling manner, contrived to stop the business by adopting a rather ingenious and original plan. Whenever he had finished with the viand he stamped the end with a regimental button which he had, and for a time all was well, says London Tit-Bits. One night, however, he thought the roll looked rather shorter than when he left it, and yet the impression of a button was there right enough.

Then summoning his landlady, he said:

"This is not my butter, Mrs. Scott. 'Oh, yes, it is, Mr. Wild; there's the mark of the button on it.'"

"Just so, Mrs. Scott; but, bless me, this button belongs to quite a different regiment from mine. Yours belongs to the R. A. F.; mine to the R. A. M. C."

Soldiers Fool Bootblacks.

Three invalid soldiers in wheel chairs propelled themselves rapidly through a crowded railway station here to a bootblack stand and demanded that their shoes be shined in a hurry. Three bootblacks rushed forward, pulled aside the coats thrown over the laps of the soldiers, and found that two of the men had no legs, while the third had only one. The soldiers laughed uproariously, the crowd joining in the demonstration of mirth.—London Cable to New York World.

Hard to Endure.

"I see where a woman got a divorce because her husband rouged his cheeks."

"She was entitled to it." "Maybe so. It must be exasperating for a woman to have a husband who is liable to borrow her complexion before she has a chance to wear it herself."

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Fortune In Pecans A WORD TO THE WISE

Do not wait until all of your neighbors and competitors have a bearing orchard of the improved pecan trees and are accumulating wealth before you see the future of this industry.

Get in on the GROUND floor while the industry is yet in its infancy and set out an orchard.

Ninety per cent of the improved varieties have been set out within the last ten years.

Through the pecan belt there are a number of individual trees that are worth from \$250 to \$500 each.

There are numbers of the improved trees that bring an income of from \$50 to \$100 yearly per tree.

You cannot purchase a bearing orchard as a rule from any owner for ten times the original cost today, in fact they are not for sale.

I will have on Saturday, November 10, 1917, near the Post Office at Scotland Neck, N. C., 600 of the improved paper shell Pecans which I will sell at wholesale price, as follows:

1 to 2 feet 45c.

2 to 3 ft. 55c.

4 to 5 feet 70c.

8 to 10 ft. \$1.20.

1,000 Peach trees, any variety, 12 for \$1.00, or \$8.00 per 100. Apple trees, any variety, at 12 1-2c, or \$1.25 per dozen. Hicks everlasting Mulberry at 25c. each, or \$20.00 per 100. Pear trees, at 25c, or \$2.50 per dozen. Grape vines at \$1.00 per dozen, or \$8.00 per 100. Everlasting strawberries at \$1.50 per 100. Plum trees at 8c, or 90c. per 100.

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The Luzianne Guarantee:

If, after using the contents of a can, you are not satisfied in every respect, your grocer will refund your money.

You don't have to be a magician to make two pots of coffee exactly alike when you use Luzianne. For Luzianne is unvarying in character, ever and always the same good-drinking coffee. But—the only way you can really know Luzianne is to drink it. And that suggests your buying a can today. Bear in mind, you take no chances with Luzianne. The guarantee protects you to the very penny. So, get right to it and buy Luzianne now. Every sip will confirm your good judgment and our good faith. Ask for profit-sharing catalog.

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Begs to announce that it is now the Local Agents for the Dodge and Columbia Automobiles. Two of the best cars that have entered this territory

THE COLUMBIA SIX

is in the two thousand dollar class, in its new ideals of equipment, including power, beauty, strength and economy, though its selling price is one third less.

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has proved its value, and none can gainsay the qualities in the make up of this very comfortable, easy riding car, which also meets the pocketbook of those who want something classy and still less than the thousand dollar class.

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Agricultural Building Rebuilt.

Increased Railroad side-tracks inside the grounds, facilitating unloading and loading of exhibits.

Competitive County Exhibits of Blue Ribbon Winners at County Fairs.

Agricultural Exhibits
Poultry Displays
Boy's Corn Clubs
Cotton Contests
Live Stock Exhibits

Boys' Pig Clubs
Canning Clubs
Forestry Exhibits
Boys & Girls Poultry Clubs
Farm Machinery Displays

Educational Exhibits

Come study Food Production and Conservation as shown by experts. It is your patriotic duty to learn, and the State Fair is the best place.

Splendid Line of Free Attractions. Plenty of Fun.

SEND US YOUR JOB WORK

Just ask your wife if she doesn't want a nice NEW RANGE.



SHE WON'T SAY "NO."

THEN LET HER HAVE THE RANGE SHE WANTS. SHE SEES THAT YOU GET THREE SQUARE MEALS A DAY AND YOU CERTAINLY OUGHT TO GIVE HER A MODERN, LABOR-AND-PERSPIRATION—SAVING RANGE ONCE IN A LIFE TIME.

THEN YOU CAN'T COMPLAIN OF THE BREAD; THE PIE CRUST WON'T BE SOGGY AND THE WHOLE FAMILY WILL BE HEALTHFUL AND HAPPY—ESPECIALLY YOUR WIFE. OUR RANGES ARE BEST; THEY STAND THE TEST.

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